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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
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"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 57

No.

4

SEPTEMBER, 1924

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 4

PERMISSION has been granted by the Paris authorities to attach metal plates to certain lamp-posts in the city bearing the words "Be Kind to Animals."

IF history proves anything, it verifies the statement that "Increased national preparedness means increased world preparedness; and increased world preparedness means ultimately war."

WHEN Herriot, the French Premier, asks, "Why shouldn't just and generous ideas be pushed with as much ardor as doctrines of violence?" and when we know the English Prime Minister is of the same mind, and that a strong party in Germany is working for co-operation in carrying out the Dawes plan, why should we not hope that the better day is coming?

THE humane societies of Australia are facing a serious situation. The multiplication of rabbits threatens the very existence of the farmers. Either the rabbit must be destroyed or the farmers must abandon their farms. Poison seems the only method of destruction that can cope with the evil, and poison means, of course, a painful death. Necessity sometimes compels men to deeds that would be cruel were they not done in self-defense.

A NEW PRONOUN

AT the London Congress which celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal S. P. C. A., Mrs. Ilona de Gyory Ginever, representing the Hungarian Society, told us of the shepherds of Hungary and the cowherds who lived such intimate lives with their faithful dogs, and, among other things, most beautifully told to us the following: "In Hungary," she said, "we have a special pronoun. It is neither masculine, feminine, nor neuter. It stands neither for he, she, nor it. It is used only among the most intimate and tender of relationships. It sounds something like 'oo.' It is the common one used by shepherds and cowherds when they talk to their dogs."

THE RABIES SCARE

IT is about time for the public to be frightened again by widely circulated reports of the prevalence of rabies. Here is just one experience that well illustrates the ease with which such a scare can be started: A thoroughly reputable physician drove up to our Hospital a few days ago and wanted someone to come with him down the street and shoot a mad dog. The superintendent jumped into the doctor's car and hurried to the vestibule of an apartment house in front of which quite a crowd had gathered in mortal fear of a rabid dog shut in behind the closed door. "I would have shot him myself," said the physician, "if I had had a gun; it's a very clear case of rabies." As soon as our superintendent looked in the door he assured the doctor and the neighbors that they had no cause to be alarmed. He walked in, picked up the poor little fellow in his arms, and getting back into the automobile brought it to the Hospital. The dog had had a convulsion due, in all probability, to improper feeding. In a few hours he was quite all right again. "Well," said the doctor, "I am surprised. I should have said that was a typical case of rabies. Nothing would have tempted me to go near the dog without a gun. I think I have learned something today."

A Detroit daily paper, of recent issue, tells us of a veterinarian of that city who declares that at least 75,000 of its dogs should be destroyed to prevent the spread of rabies. We do not for a moment deny the existence of this disease, but it is so rare, it is so often mistaken for many another ill to which the dog is subject, that few of us need ever worry about dying of hydrophobia. We are quite as liable to be struck by lightning.

ON the main thoroughfares of London one sees many more horses doing the delivery work of the city than auto trucks.

IT seems rather difficult for the War Department to convince certain people that the September twelfth Mobilization Day scheme is in no way associated with the militaristic spirit.

COMING INTO ITS OWN

FIFTY-FIVE years ago when Mr. Angell visited England, he spoke for an hour before the directors of the Royal S. P. C. A. He says in his autobiography that in that address he urged upon them the ever increasing expenditure of their funds for the purposes of humane education. From the first Mr. Angell clearly perceived the vital importance of beginning at the fountain head of all cruelty and injustice. To prosecute and punish, necessary as this has been and is, of vastly greater moment is the awakening and fostering, especially in the heart of youth of the principles of justice and compassion in relation to all sentient life.

At the London Congress, held recently in connection with the centennial of the Royal S. P. C. A. it was interesting to see how the representatives from various countries emphasized the need of humane education. Whenever the subject was mentioned it elicited the heartiest applause. It's so evidently better to prevent the development of a cruel character than to punish for the evil fruits of that character that we constantly wonder the general public does not see it and contribute more generously to this end. Most people still would rather give their money to see a cruel man made to pay the penalty for his cruelty than to see it go to train a child toward manhood or womanhood in those things that mean the hatred of cruelty and injustice and the love of their opposites. Humane education means ultimately not only protection for the animal but finest culture for the human character that receives it.

THE platforms of political parties, someone has said, are generally built to get in on rather than to stand on.

ACCORDING to the report of the Naples Society, Italy, in 1923, its nineteen inspectors confiscated 49,381 sticks used for beating animals; relieved 22,731 fowls from being carried with head downwards and legs tied together; and made over a thousand arrests for various forms of cruelty.

CRUELITIES IN TRAINING MUST CEASE

LESS ANIMAL ACTS AS RESULT OF VIGOROUS AND EFFECTIVE OPPOSITION

NOT a few of the prominent producers are roundly denouncing the cruelty imposed upon animals trained and used in the motion picture mill, as well as upon the stage. If you believe in the sincerity of their assertions, then you should with reason expect a marked change in animal acts on the screen and stage.

THE LOT OF STAGE ANIMALS

LET not the fact be overlooked that back of all the unnatural performances of animals, whether dogs or horses or lions or elephants, were the lash, the spike, and the prod, pin-pricks, threats and blows, before the spirit was broken and the beast made subservient to the will of a merciless master.

The lot of our animal slaves which are compelled to furnish entertainment in the circus-ring or on the vaudeville stage is indeed a distressful one. Their preparation is a period of humiliation, torture and misery. Many of them are the victims of drugs and deceptions; cruelly confined in comfortless quarters when traveling; ill-treated when treated at all, and prisoners for life.

THE COST OF ANIMAL "REALISM"

A QUANTITY of animals and reptiles are being drafted in filming "The Lost World." Boa constrictors, monkeys, leopards and alligators are being used "to inject realism into the upper reaches of the Amazon," as described by the author, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A publicity service of the film interests states that the boa constrictor has an earning capacity of \$100 per day; leopard and monkey half that amount, alligators \$60 per day. Allowing several months for the completion of this picture the cost of obtaining animal "realism" is readily grasped. But what about these hapless creatures of jungle and swamp?

The author of "The Covered Wagon" expressed his deep regret at the cruelty employed in filming his story, though he protested, without avail, against the unnecessary cruelty to the helpless animals. He was even refused admittance to the grounds. Will "The Lost World" be another of those too numerous inhumane films?

It rests principally with the public which pays, to determine how long cruelty to animals shall be exploited and tolerated in the making of movies.

A PERNICIOUS EXHIBITION

THAT notorious exhibition, known as "Dr. Carver's Diving Horses," is now finding it difficult to secure bookings where formerly admittance was easy and unquestioned. It is one of those brazen impositions too long enacted before the public and unsuppressed because the authorities saw no overt act of cruelty in its presentation. But the times change. Public sentiment and understanding with respect to animal performances have also changed—and for the better. The amusement seeker comes to look with abhorrence upon what he once condoned. To him becomes "detested—the sport which owes its pleasure to another's pain." The reaction is swift when once it appears that the truth has been long and studiously concealed.

The Jacksonville Humane Society, of which Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden is president, fore-



A SCENE OF THE ROUND-UP—SAVAGE SURVIVAL OF WILD WEST TIMES

AMONG the most cruel, degrading and dehumanizing performances enacted in public at the present day is the round-up or rodeo. It is a series of contests between dare-devil cattlemen or "cowpunchers" and fear-crazed, tormented animals. The round-up can no more be carried out without cruelty to animals than a bull-fight, nor can it be any more justified, as a means of civilized, public entertainment.

There are some sections, chiefly in the West, that continue to permit the discreditable scenes that make up the rodeo. During the coming autumn at certain notorious fairs and carnivals the rough-riding, reckless element from the plains will risk their necks before large crowds of morbid spectators at the expense of animal abuse and suffering. It is a mistaken idea, however, to think that all the events of the round-up are but a duplication of the cowboy's life on the ranch. There are now a lot of professional "rodeo rounders" ready to take the most desperate chances for the profits that are forthcoming. Of these Wild West orgies, one who has studied them from every angle says: "In the name of justice and clean American sport I urge all to protest against the round-ups and wild west shows as a degrading relic of barbarism that cannot in any way be said to represent the splendid West or Northwest of today."

Cruelly to torture, maul about and maim terrified animals for the delectation of a morbid crowd is about the last word in debasing spectacles. To class as heroes the men who indulge a desire for notoriety in such acts is to cheapen true heroism while it encourages disregard for human life. Our debt to animals and our obligation to the youth of the nation forbid such wholesale and unnecessary abuse of these creatures below us in the name of amusement.

The Humane Societies should make every possible effort to rout the round-up. It is a growing evil inasmuch as its reproduction by moving picture films goes on with little restriction, and without the united opposition of the humane public.

warned and mindful of the vicious and cruel character of Dr. Carver's Diving Horse Act prevented its appearance at the State Fair. Addressing a letter of protest against this purveyor of pernicious entertainment to all officials and directors of the Florida State Fair Association, the Society contended that it would be, as it had been elsewhere, a reproach to the city and state and a direct subversion of the compulsory humane education law passed by the last legislature.

To the credit of the city of Jacksonville, be it said, its officials once refused Dr. Carver's exhibit when it was offered "free" for a police benefit.

The vigorous and well-timed request of the Humane Society was granted and Carver's cruel production forestalled. Its promoter once had the effrontery to advertise his show as having the endorsement of a western Humane Society. The endorsement proved to be a complete condemnation.

"I AM heartily in sympathy with the efforts of the Jack London Club to suppress a form of cruelty too little recognized. Count me among its members." MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. A hundred copies of the book have been given as prizes; many of them to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, seventy-five cents.

The "Foreword" to London's book, "Michael Brother of Jerry," which led to the founding of the Jack London Club, we have in pamphlet form, published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

If you ever loved a dog, read the "Foreword," then read the book.

It is instructive, startling, strong.

It deals with a great cruelty. It tells us how we may stop it.

THE JACK LONDON CLUB

is built on it. Will you join it? No dues. Just send us your name and the names of as many as will agree to do what London suggests.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS, Boston, Mass.

DESERTED

LOUELLA C. POOLE

POOR little puss, so pitifully thin,
Why do you sit there on the window-sill
Of that closed house, for there is none within
To heed your cries, and none will be there till
October's frosts shall send them from the shore
And wooded mountains, and the merry round
Of daily pleasure, back to town once more.
Alas, when that time comes, you may be found
Stark on the threshold—you so true to home
You'll not desert it! How could they forget
And leave you, puss, to forage and to roam—
You whom they once so loved to praise and pet?
God help you, little waif, abandoned so,
As skulking through the alley-ways you go!

To "forage," oh, alas, with mice so few
They count as nothing to a hungry cat,—
So scant the scraps of food thrown out to you
'Twere better, maybe, there were none, and that
Your death came quickly than in this slow way
You perished, tantalized, and tortured thus.
There 'mongst the hills and by the sea, each day
They gaily feast, those former friends, poor puss.
Oh, do they never think how you are left
Starving and homeless! Dull, insensate, blind
Are they who loved you once—you so bereft—
Or do they lack imagination?—kind
Only when eyes can see, ears hear? Alas,
That any cause should bring you to such pass!

THE STORY OF THREE MOTHERS

W. A. ROBINSON

President, Ohio Humane Society

ROBERT BURNS' tale of "Twa Dogs" is a back number compared with the story of the Three Mothers of which I write, for they displayed all the fidelity of human mothers. A prophet long ago said, "Can a mother forget her child?" and then he says she can, and every foundling child pitifully cries, "She can and does," but these canine mothers of whom I write could not and did not forget.

Story number one is the case of a mother with four puppies on a chicken coop afloat on the Ohio River at flood. Some fishermen through a glass spied them moving about and jumped into a boat and paddled to their rescue. One of the puppies was dead. They transferred it with the others to their boat, but they left it in the boat at the shore and took the others two or three miles to their home, where they satisfied all of them with food convenient for them. Shortly after having seen her three live puppies cuddled together for a nap, the mother disappeared and did not return for an hour or two, and then she came with the dead pup in her mouth. Surely, she could count.

Who was it said, "Even so it is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish."

We go from flood to fire for mother number two.

A house in Cincinnati gave a cellar hospitality to her and her three puppies. The house was completely destroyed by fire and in exploring the rooms the firemen found the mother a cindered body, stretched over the entrance to a sort of cement pocket within which were her family unharmed and asleep.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Mother number three is a bulldog in a stable near Seven Mile, Ohio. Her owner found her one morning before breakfast keeping vigil over four stillborn puppies. He re-



Gilliams

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE NEAR EAST—A CAMEL DRIVER RETURNING TO ALEPPO AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK

turned after breakfast, but the little bodies had disappeared. Only the mother was there and she led him to the other end of the enclosure where the earth was softer, and there he found she had dug their grave and buried them. Surely, she needed not that there should have been any benefit of clergy.

In the presence of each of these cases we feel ourselves impelled to say, "Brethren, let us pray."

WORK-HORSE IS HOLDING HIS OWN

IN an address before the New England Harness Dealers' Association, D. J. Kay of the University of Ohio, recently stated that there are as many horses used for cartage in New York and Chicago as five years ago; that breeding on farms has shown a great impetus during the past two years; and that farmers are through making their farms experimental stations for tractor manufacturers. Furthermore, he adds that horses are getting dearer and dearer. Corn at \$2 per bushel has something to do with it, in his opinion. Statistics, Mr. Kay declared, show that in Boston horsepower costs but a fraction of haulage by gasoline motor.

MISSISSIPPI DOG LAW

IN regard to the obnoxious dog law in Mississippi, which requires the muzzling and chaining to kennels of dogs from March 1 to August 1, Lieutenant Governor Dennis Murphree has written to a correspondent: "Personally I feel sure that the next legislature will repeal the dog law. I have served twelve years in the Mississippi House of Representatives and have always voted against this law. I feel that it was a mistake to pass it in Mississippi."

Humanely inclined people should flood the office of Governor Whitfield of Mississippi with vigorous protests against this law.

\$50 IN PRIZES FOR BEST ESSAYS ON THE HORSE

Contest, Open to Everyone, Will Close December 31, 1924

THROUGH the generosity of Mr. George Foster Howell, well-known humanitarian of Brooklyn, N. Y., two cash prizes, one of thirty dollars, and one of twenty dollars, will be awarded to the writers of the two best essays on "The Humane Treatment of the Horse," submitted to Contest Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., not later than December 31, 1924. The object in giving these prizes is to create a stronger sentiment in favor of protecting the horse from cruelty. Mr. Howell writes:

"Scarcely a day passes that I am not an unwilling witness of the abuse of horses in the lower part of New York City, down in the side streets especially."

Contestants must write on one side of the paper only (typewriting preferred), sign full name and address at the upper left corner of the first sheet of manuscript (not on a separate sheet), and limit the article to six hundred words. No manuscripts will be returned, so contestants are urged to retain copies of their offerings. At the donor's request, the merits of the manuscripts will be judged by the editors of *Our Dumb Animals*. Announcement of the prize-winning essays, and publication of the one winning first prize, will be made in the February, 1925, issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

SIX of my sons are studying to be artists and writers, the seventh is learning to be a bricklayer."

"Aren't you rather optimistic, thinking that he can support the six of them?"

—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich)

ANIMALS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

OUR medieval ancestors kept a vast number of domestic pets for their amusement, birds, lap-dogs, and greyhounds, especially, writes C. Edgar Thomas in the *Animal World*, London. Dogs were their great companions, and ladies fed their "smale houndes" daintily. Cats are not mentioned, or come across so often in pictures as are dogs. But this does not necessarily mean that cats were not liked. Among that wonderful collection of Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum may be seen many illuminations of animals. In one is a dog with a riding party; another, a dog in a dinner scene; and others show a lady with a pet dog in her arms, birds and dogs in rooms, etc. One of the duties of the chamberlain of a knight was to drive the "dogge and catte" out of my lord's chamber when he had retired to rest. It would seem that both cats and dogs were allowed to be there in the daytime.

Readers of Chaucer will remember that when the Friar visited the sick man, he found a cat on the bench beside him; while among the rules laid down in an old Book of Courtesy of this period, is one stating that good manners forbid the stroking of a cat or dog while "sitting at meat in the hall." People also made pets of squirrels, and even monkeys!

The training of animals for performing has been practised from the earliest times. It was done in the Middle Ages, and unfortunately it is still carried on. On holidays, feast days, etc., strolling minstrels and showmen were wont to exhibit dancing bears and monkeys playing on handbells. A thirteenth century writer, one Villard de Honnecourt, tells us that in his time the lion-tamer was accustomed to call in the assistance of two dogs. "When he would fain make the lion do anything," we read, "he commandeth him to do it, and if the lion murmur, then he beateth the dogs; whereof the lion misdoubteth him sore, when he seeth the dogs beaten; wherefore he refraineth his courage and doeth that which hath been commanded." It was very rough luck on the poor dogs! What happened if the lion was a selfish lion and cared little for another animal's sufferings? Our old scribe helps us a little: "And if the lion be wrath, therefore will I speak no whit, for then would he obey neither for good nor evil usage." And presumably the poor dogs were thrashed in vain.

The baiting of animals was an exceedingly cruel form of amusement which remained long in favour. Fitzstephen, writing in the twelfth century, says that bulls, bears, boars and horses were frequently baited.

TO MY DOG

(Written to "Boss," my white bulldog, and dedicated to my wife because of her unfailing sympathy for dumb animals.)

ARTHUR T. BRIDGES

YOU greet me with the breaking light
And bound to meet my outstretched hand;
My every step from morn till night
You watch and seem to understand.
At all such work as dogs can do
I find in you a helper true;
In all my sport, too, you must share
And help to drive away my care.

If other beasts about the place
Get mean and vicious too,
All I must do to teach them grace
Is merely call on you;
I sleep secure when you stand guard—
No foeman dares to cross our yard—
No time so rough but if I call,
You bravely come and dare it all.

Regardless what my fortunes be
And whether men shall scoff or praise,
You're still the same good friend to me
And change not with the changing days.
And every night when I come home—
Sometimes with less of joy than gloom—
Beside my gate you waiting stand
To hail me with a welcome grand.

Unfailing friend! To me so true!
While I have shelter, bread and meat,
Beside my fire there's room for you,
Nor shall you want for ought to eat.
Ere human hands bring harm to thee
They first must do away with me.
For since to me you're always true,
I'll be the same good friend to you.

CAT ADOPTS FIVE SQUIRRELS

HENRY A. PERSHING

Secretary, Humane Society, South Bend, Ind.

AN old mother cat living near La Porte, Indiana, after having given birth to as fine a lot of babies as could well be found, was given to understand that there were enough cats on the farm and that her especial offspring were not needed. The result was that she was soon going about mourning the loss of her entire family. Everybody felt sorry for her.

But it's a long lane that has no turning, and one day in walked her master with five baby squirrels whose mother had been killed by some hunter and the nest found with these five little squirrels. The mother cat accepted them at once and as the little orphans were hungry, they, too, accepted the situation without questioning and proceeded at once to secure the most advantageous location for obtaining an unlimited supply of their accustomed nourishment.

The farmer took them to town and placed them in a store window, where for two weeks the sidewalk was simply crowded with people watching the antics of the baby squirrels. Some limbs were placed in the window for their especial use. The way they would scamper all over that window certainly must have filled the old cat with wonder as to what sort of kittens they were. When I saw them last they were sound asleep on their mother's breast, having just had a full meal and retired for the night. It was truly an interesting sight.

THE STAY-AT-HOME



Courtesy Democrat and Chronicle, Rochester, N. Y.

LITTLE FOLK OF THE UNDERGROUND

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

THE hand of every human tiller of the soil is raised against the tribes of little folk of the field who dwell underground: the mole, the gopher, the prairie-dog, the meadow-mouse, the kangaroo-rat and the ground-squirrel family. The gopher, whose work appears to be the most destructive, is generally the least known because it works in the dark only, either underground or at night. The annual damage by the gopher in California alone is reputed to be more than eight million dollars, a formidable debit against the little fellow.

The gopher of California is a small, chunky, short-legged, burrowing rodent, with large, protruding front teeth, fur-lined cheek pouches (which are used to carry food only, never earth, and which open outside the mouth), small ears and eyes, and a short tail, often naked at the tip. The gopher is about the size of a common house rat.

The paths of the gopher are the long tunnels it digs, about two inches in diameter, clear of loose earth, and seldom over six inches beneath the surface. All earth excavated is carried outside and deposited in long lines of mounds, which always betray the animal's presence to enemies. Because of its strenuous toil, the gopher requires abundant food. But the industrious farmer in early spring plows up and destroys the gopher's natural food; alfalfa, malva, and other weeds, therefore the seed and plants of the farmer must serve for food instead. This explains the gopher's great debt for damage.

We humans are happy when we "find in each loss a gain to match." A California scientist, Dr. Grinnell, has found that the hated gopher and other underground dwellers have a big credit balance to offset their annual damage. He brings out the fact that the little folk dwelling underground have played an important part in the long processes of nature by which the valleys and lowlands were made ready for the oranges and lemons that have brought both wealth and fame to California. It has been determined on certain tracts of land that the gopher's annual turnover of the soil was one-tenth of an inch, which, according to the investigator, means that in the past 200,000 years, the gopher's turnovers amounted to 3,400 plowings. At each of the plowings new soil was brought up to be weathered and made ready for the use of plant life. Each year the gophers carried underground vegetation to serve as food, or, in any event, to add to the humus content of the soil at a depth available for plant life.

Stockmen and others who fight the gopher and other burrowing creatures sometimes forget that the constant tramping by cattle and sheep packs the soil so that plant life dies of suffocation, air being essential to plant life as to animal. But if in such tamped, barren places the gopher chances to work, the green grass is quickly restored.

Fertile valleys are, as a rule, fills of soil brought from higher levels by floods. But did not the burrowing creatures of those higher slopes and levels first loosen their hard soil that it might be easily moved by the wind and floods? Should that service go to make up an additional credit? There is yet another viewpoint, says the scientist. Burrowers loosen the hard-packed soil of the mountain slopes that their otherwise barren surfaces



Phot. by R. R. Sallows

WHERE VACATION DAYS ARE THE RULE

may become covered with vegetation that helps to retard floods which otherwise might destroy the fields of the lowlands. The vegetation, too, helps to hold a part of the downpours for later distribution, thereby favoring water conservation.

How great, then, is man's debt to the little folk living underground? Is it not great enough that he should not slaughter them unnecessarily? If man must kill, let him confine his killing to his farm and garden, and never extend it to those millions of acres that are in preparation for him to plant vegetables, fruits and flowers.

JOHN, THE CROW

J. ROLAND CORTHELL

MANY years ago my young wife and I were sojourning at a farm-house in New Hampshire. Among the animal population was "John," a tame crow. He was the source of perpetual entertainment. His chief amusement was pecking at the buttons on my wife's boots as she sat upon the lawn or in the hammock under the apple-tree. What John would do next, no mortal could tell. But it was sure to be something unforeseen.

One morning I had been reading aloud from one of Dickens' matchless stories and had laid the open book upon the grass. John had seemed to be interested as well as my human auditor, for he gazed quietly at the open book. When our backs were turned toward him, he proceeded evidently to examine the book critically, for when later I went to pick it up, I found that he had torn out part of a leaf, probably as a memento of the morning's entertainment, and carried it away to some undiscovered hiding-place—perhaps his own personal library. Strange to say, the book was "Barnaby Rudge," the only one of Dickens' works which has a tame crow (or raven) among its characters. John, no doubt, felt an affectionate regard or a deep-seated animosity for the immortal "Grip"—I don't know which.

OLD Wash came into town one day from his Nola Chucky farm and saw an electric fan for the first time. He stared at the whirling gray phantom-like thing for some minutes, then he said:—

"Mars James, dat sut'ny is a lively squirrel yo' got in dat 'ar cage, sah; but he's sholy gwine ter bus' his heart if he keeps on makin' dem resolutions so fast."

DO WILD ANIMALS REMEMBER KINDNESS?

I. R. HEGEL

IT is often said wild animals can never be tamed; that they are indifferent to the kindness of their keepers and soon forget them. Here is a story that proves the contrary.

"Doctor" was a beautiful jaguar cub, captured by an African native and sold to an old Boston seaman embarking on a voyage back to the states.

The old captain was very fond of animals and soon had Doctor tamed to such an extent he could do anything with him. Every morning he would allow the cub to romp on deck and the little fellow would act just as a kitten does under similar circumstances. And no matter where the captain went, Doctor was at his heels, like a faithful dog.

In the matter of diet, great care was exercised and the jaguar was fed nothing but cooked meat. But Doctor, tiring of his monotonous bill-of-fare, would often steal away to the kitchen and hide in a corner. There he would wait until the cook brought a fresh leg of mutton or a fowl from the ice-chest. Then, without warning, he would leap from his place of hiding, clutch the meat from the frightened cook's hands, and run off. The menu often had to be changed at the last minute while Doctor munched his stolen delicacy.

As the cub increased in size and strength, the captain realized he must part with his pet, and when he was two years old, offered him to a well-known zoological park. The gift was accepted and the captain departed on another long voyage, very heavy of heart.

Returning, a year later, the captain immediately went to the park superintendent and asked if he might see his Doctor.

"Sure you can," was the response, "but don't expect him to recognize you. Wild animals ain't got no memory."

The captain said nothing but walked up to Doctor's cage. The jaguar, who had been lying down, gave one look at the captain and began to paw the bars in excited joy. Happily the captain patted his head and caressed him, while the superintendent looked on in blank amazement.

"Animals never forget kindness," said the old captain, wiping away a tear with the back of his hand, "don't you ever forget that, Mr. Superintendent."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1924

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE RODEO IN ENGLAND

NOTHING in connection with the great Wembley Exposition, which has drawn hundreds of thousands this year to London, has excited more public interest or been the occasion of more discussion in the English press than the elaborately staged rodeo, or Wild West Show, imported from the United States. According to the contract signed by the promoters of this exhibition of cowboy skill in horseback riding, "broncho busting," "bulldogging" and roping of calves and steers, there was to be no cruelty inflicted upon any of the animals. But all who know anything of these western exhibitions know that a Wild West Show with all cruelty eliminated would be about as thrilling as a bull-fight with no tortured bull and no gored horses.

No sooner had the rodeo, advertised at enormous expense, begun, than the better part of the English public became outraged at the treatment of the animals. Some of the steers were so badly injured in the roping scenes that they had to be shot, and the twisting of the necks of others in the bulldogging stunts was so evidently an act of cruelty that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals undertook to stop the worst features connected with the performances. They succeeded in so far as the roping of the steers was concerned. Several arrests of cowboys were made, but for some reason the prosecution failed in securing a conviction. So thoroughly was public sentiment against the rodeo stirred that for several days the subject was under discussion in the British Cabinet, the chief official responsible in such matters, however, affirming that, according to the law, he did not have the power to put an end to the exhibition.

We went to Wembley ourselves to see the rodeo. Outside of the feats in expert horseback riding which were quite beyond criticism, and which involved no cruelty, and the exhibitions of skill in twirling and throwing ropes, the rest, the "bulldogging," and the "broncho-busting" so evidently involved suffering to the animals that we could but wonder how the spectators could think it amusing, as so many of them did. Nothing impressed us as more cruel than the saddling of some of the so-called wild horses, turned loose in the arena to be caught, saddled, bridled and mounted inside of a given time. In this part of the performance one horse screamed more than once with pain, the screams so piercing

that they could have been heard at least a quarter of a mile away. What was being done to him could not be seen from the seats, as four or five men were gathered about him. Any man who knows a horse knows that nothing but the intensest suffering can draw such sounds from a horse. These cries were as different from the sounds a horse makes when having a slight quarrel with another horse, as a dog's friendly bark in greeting his master is different from his wail of pain when suddenly struck by an automobile.

Has it been for good or ill, this Wild West Show at Wembley? Personally, we are convinced that the public interest aroused and the discussion caused has called attention to the rights of animals to just and fair treatment that overmatches the sufferings inflicted upon them during the exhibition. These unfortunate martyrs, if we are right in our opinion, may not, therefore, have suffered in vain. There were indications, we were told, that the whole thing might result in a financial loss that would bankrupt the management. Few would shed tears should this prove to be true.

MOBILIZATION DAY

ARE we not warranted in opposing a great military mobilization plan for this September in the light of such a statement as the following from Secretary Hughes:

"So far as we can see into the future we are safe from the slightest danger of aggression. We know that in no power or possible combination of powers lies any menace to our security. There is no occasion to vindicate our proper authority, for no one challenges it. There is no reason to demonstrate our ability to take care of ourselves for no one doubts it."

Better far, as President Faunce says, who in his recent baccalaureate sermon condemned the plan, that we mobilize for peace. This is also what Governor Baxter of Maine says in refusing to endorse the movement.

THREE ADDRESSES

THE president of our Societies, while spending a few days last month in the Berkshires, had the opportunity to address the Rotary Club and the Kiwanis Club of North Adams, and also the two hundred and fifty teachers of the Normal School in the same city.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

FAIR OF WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

Members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. are busy preparing for the annual Fair, which this year will be held all day, Tuesday, November 11, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston. The proceeds will be devoted to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Friends everywhere are requested to contribute articles, or cash, which should be sent to the Treasurer of the Auxiliary, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Among the attractions at the Fair this season will be tables for bridge, Mah Jong, etc., tickets for which may be secured in advance by addressing the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Lucius Cummings. There will be dancing from 8:30 to 12 P.M., for which tickets may be obtained of the chairman, Mrs. Edith W. Clarke. Others in charge of special features are: Membership table, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; food table, Mrs. Leonard Hall; children's table, Mrs. Winthrop Scudder; tie-up table, Mrs. Herman Field; candy table, Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility table, Mrs. Francis H. Rowley; novelty table, Mrs. Mary Richmond; cafeteria, Mrs. William James; afternoon tea, Mrs. David R. Goodin.

GOVERNOR BAXTER AGAIN

THAT was an extraordinarily fine thing Governor Baxter did when he gave his beautiful white collie to the inmates of one of Maine's prisons. Only one who knows men as well as dogs could have perceived the value of such an act. Many years ago Mr. Angell, as a result of careful inquiry, discovered that of several thousand prisoners in America only here and there had one ever known what it was to have a pet animal. Governor Baxter's dog living among his new associates will awaken within them thoughts of affection for the animal world, feelings of kindness and gentleness which otherwise might lie forever dormant. No man can associate with a good dog and not become the better and kinder for it. This Maine Governor has done many fine things for which those who know him honor him sincerely, and this is one of the finest. It reveals the humanitarian who thinks as well as feels.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT

BURIED with honors—this is the story told in the *Fort Worth Record*, July 26, of a faithful mule, 39 years old, who had served his owner 36 years. "He helped me raise my children, he gave me of his best, his last years were spent in restful peace, and why shouldn't I have buried him in a shady nook and placed above his grave a simple memorial?" All this is a tribute to the master as well as to the servant.

WE have seen this summer in western Massachusetts fields of beautiful timothy uncut and burning brown under the scorching sun because of the farmers' inability to find the needed help. This means not only loss to the farmers, but suffering to the stock through the coming winter. What is to be the solution of the labor problem on our New England farms? Even labor-saving machinery is useless when there are no human hands to control it.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, *Vice-President*
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treasurer*
MRS. ELBERT CLARKE, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	672
Animals examined	2,872
Number of prosecutions	28
Number of convictions	21
Horses taken from work	76
Horses humanely put to sleep	65
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,071
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	56,761
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	157

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during July of \$150 from Mrs. H. A. H., \$50 of which is for summer watering; \$100 each from Mrs. G. R. F. and Mrs. J. K.; \$70 from Mrs. L. P. Y.; \$50 each from Miss I. M. M., Miss F. R. P., and Miss M. J.; \$35 from Hon. P. A. D.; \$25 each from Mrs. J. O. F., anonymous, W. H. R., Mrs. A. L. H., W. S. Q., L. C. K., W. E. P., T. H. G., "In memory of Mrs. J. M. P." and the Melrose Humane Society; \$23 from Miss D. W.; and \$20 each from E. S. D., Mrs. M. R., Mrs. E. M., Mrs. A. N. P., and J. H. N.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Abbie J. P. Kimball of Lawrence, Mrs. C. W. Zerrahn of Milton, and Miss Alice F. Howland of Taunton.

The American Humane Education Society has received a gift of \$100 from Mrs. A. T. W. August 12, 1924.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D. V. M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered	Cases
Dogs 410	Dogs 938
Cats 183	Cats 280
Horses 29	Birds 7
Birds 9	Horses 6
Mice 3	Cow 1
Cow 1	Rabbit 1
Lynx 1	Guinea pig 1
Ocelot 1	
Operations 358	
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	42,230
Free Dispensary cases	56,388
Total	98,618

FOR ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

UNDER the direction of Mrs. Lucius Cummings, chairman, the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will hold a buffet luncheon and bridge at the home of Mrs. Edith W. Clarke, "Evelynbrook," Framingham, Mass., on Tuesday, September 9. Luncheon will be at 12:30. Tables may be reserved by applying to the Auxiliary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

THOUSANDS OF FREE DRINKS

THE number of horses watered from special hydrant stations, maintained through the summer by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. on the streets of Boston, was as follows, up to July 25:—

Post Office Square, 2,692; Copley Square, 753; corner of Staniford and Causeway Streets, 5,660; corner of Atlantic Avenue and Commercial Street, 6,220; Winthrop Square, 3,491; total, 18,816.

OUR BARNs PROTECTED

THE Providence Pipe and Sprinkler Company has just finished equipping our stables at Methuen—the Society's Rest Farm for Horses—with their automatic sprinkler system. We have felt it necessary to do everything in our power to guard against the possible death by fire of any of the horses or other animals entrusted to our care. The expense has been no light one. No sooner, however, had we let the contract than a generous friend of the Society most graciously volunteered to pay all bills connected with the work. We shall never cease to be grateful for this splendid gift.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

LABAN PRATT

IN the death of Mr. Laban Pratt of Dorchester, Mass., the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society have lost a friend of many years, as he was the senior director of both organizations. Mr. Pratt, who was in his ninety-fifth year at the time of his demise, July 17, formerly had been very active in a large number of civic, social, and fraternal societies. He had served as representative in the state legislature and also as alderman of the city of Boston. Early in life he entered the lumber business and during the decade 1860-70 became very successful. He was a warm admirer of the late Geo. T. Angell and served for many years as an auditor for the Societies which Mr. Angell founded.

NO CITIZENSHIP FOR THE CRUEL

OUR officers had a man in court some time ago for cruelty to his horse. Last month he came before Judge James A. Lowell in the United States District Court applying for naturalization. When his record was looked up the Judge discovered that he had been arrested and fined for cruelty and that at that very time another complaint had been entered against him for delivering calves under weight. Judge Lowell refused to grant the man's application, saying, "I shall not admit you until this present case is finished and I am not certain that I will then." A man cruel to the defenseless creatures that fall into his hands can make anything but a desirable citizen.

PLEASE READ THIS

A FAITHFUL, loyal worker in the humane field has fallen upon sad days. Sickness has come into the home in distressing form, income has stopped, and strength is failing. Any money for this good woman sent in our care will be immediately forwarded to her. We vouch for the worthiness of this troubled soul.

A JUST PENALTY

SIX months in the House of Correction. Such was the sentence imposed by Judge Rieutord, of Webster, Massachusetts, upon a man who had left his horse tied to a tree for two days without food or water. While our Society would always rather persuade than prosecute, it is a satisfaction to find a deed of wanton cruelty meeting its just penalty.

AMUSING

TAKE him out and shoot him," said Judge Creed to Officer Levi A. LeCain of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the Municipal Court this morning. The judge was referring to a horse belonging to Jacob Fruman of 104 Spruce Street, Chelsea, which Fruman had a moment before been found guilty of driving when unfit for labor, but the defendant, misconstruing the sense of Judge Creed's words, thought that the death sentence had been pronounced upon himself.

Sputtering in a mixture of English and Yiddish, he voiced a protest at the verdict and when assured by court officers that it was the horse and not himself that was to be shot, sat down in his chair with a thud and mopped his brow in relief.

—Boston Transcript

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1898

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SPANISH LITERATURE FOR NEW MEXICO

SOME of our Spanish leaflets on kindness to animals came to the attention of Isabel Lancaster Eckles, superintendent of the Department of Education, New Mexico, who thought so well of them that she requested a supply for distribution in schools of that state. Through the co-operation of an interested friend, we were able to send 2,000 copies of assorted titles, translations of our popular leaflets in English.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

HARRIS COUNTY HUMANE SOCIETY

WE are glad to announce the organization, at Houston, Texas, of the Harris County Humane Society, with Gavin Ulmer, Esq., Scanlan Building, as president. The agitation for reform of the unspeakable conditions at the local dog pound is said to have resulted in this movement. So pressing was the need for immediate activity that a humane inspector was appointed and put to work before the organization was completed. Much credit is due *The Chronicle* of Houston for its interest in the matter.

There appears to be a large field for this new Society, especially along humane education lines. Literature, both in English and Spanish, and books like "Black Beauty," suitable for distribution in prisons and penitentiaries, are urgently needed. Those interested in contributing supplies should correspond with Flora B. Benda, Box 133, Sunset Heights, Texas, the founder and a member of the executive board of the Society.

LIBERATE EAGLES IN ZOOS

LIBERATION of eagles confined at the Zoo is proposed by members of the Humane Education Society of Washington, D. C., on patriotic and humane grounds, says the *Herald* of that city. The society feels that the bird chosen as the national emblem of the United States should not have his daily flights stopped by sudden contacts with iron bars.

"This king of the air is emblematic of the free and lofty spirit of our grand and glorious country," declared James P. Briggs, member of the executive committee. Other members spoke in favor of the proposed humane emancipation act. A campaign to stir up favorable sentiment will be inaugurated at the next meeting, Mr. Briggs added.

"We think people soon will cease to gain enjoyment from viewing imprisoned animals. It is not quite so criminal to shut up the little feathered creatures. But the eagle, our American eagle, should never be encaged."

HUMANE EDUCATION

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was the first supreme judicatory of any religious body, so far as we have been able to learn, which recognized the claims of the lower animals to the justice, mercy, and kindness of the principles laid down in the Word of God, and authorized instruction as to the claims through the literature and by the representatives of the Church throughout the world. The inspiration and encouragement which this action brought to the six hundred or more humane societies in the United States, and an equal number in other countries, is equaled by the increased interest and enthusiasm of humanitarians for the Church. No enterprise undertaken by our denomination in the last twenty years has been more cordially received and less criticized than this recognition of the claims upon the Church of that part of God's creation over which man has been given dominion.

DR. CHARLES SCANLON, in Annual Report

LONG-HAIRED dogs in warm climates should be clipped several times in summer.

WHETHER at home, at the seaside, the country, or wherever you may be, spread the gospel of kindness to animals.

ONE DOLLAR WELL INVESTED

MORRIS BINNARD

President, San Diego Humane Society

IF you knew that one dollar invested would reap for you the greatest financial return ever received by any person, would you invest that one dollar?

If you knew that one dollar invested today would bring you the greatest dividend in happiness that you could conceive, would you invest that dollar? If you were called upon today to decide, which would you prefer, dollars or happiness?

I have before my mind's eye the picture of a barefooted boy, say some ten years old, sitting upon the bank beside a placid stream, with a red can on one side of him and a wire-haired Scotch terrier on the other, while in his left hand he abstractedly holds an old fishing pole. With his right elbow upon his knee and his chin upon his hand he visualizes, in the future, the capitol at Washington, wherein he sits as the future President of this great United States—an undeveloped Lincoln meditating upon the future of his country.

Would not the parents of this boy feel that one dollar had been wisely spent and profitably invested if they could help along the realization of his dream? Every boy's parents can do this very thing; can implant in the mind of their boy those attributes which go to make a Washington or a Lincoln.

This boy, as he sits upon the mossy bank in the shade of an overhanging tree, is probably more attuned to nature and its laws than the average city boy who has perhaps had no opportunity to come into contact with the great outdoors and to understand and be taught that the animals and trees and birds are of God's creation, and have their appropriate place in the world; that the animals and birds have feelings just as we do; that they can be hurt and suffer pain the same as we, by those who are thoughtless of their condition; that they are glad and happy when the world is gay, and sorrowful when it is troubled; that the little animals, especially the tame animals, depend upon us for sustenance and shelter, and that they return many fold their affections for the kindness we do to them and the consideration we show them. The wild animals, of all their enemies, fear man the most, for he has made weapons of destruction, which their animal minds cannot contemplate, and from which they cannot escape.

And so we are taught that love is the most potent factor in the world, and that as a baby drinks in its mother's milk, just so a child imbibes that which we teach it, and that if we start in the beginning to teach it to love everything and to harm nothing unnecessarily, we will implant within the child a gentleness, a sympathy, an understanding and a character that will gradually unfold and develop into a man who really understands what is meant when he reads, "Love ye one another."

All this the Humane Society teaches. Can any parent afford not to be a part of it? Has your dollar been well invested?

THERE should be no unkindness to animals. There is no excuse for it except cruelty uncontrolled. Think it over and if there is a spark of unkindness for animals in your makeup, get rid of it forever.

—Lowell Courier-Citizen

TO A SEA-GULL

CRISTEL HASTINGS

WHAT do you see as you wing your way
Over the heaving seas?
And what do you ponder on, skimming along
In the arms of a freshening breeze?

Do you taste the salt of the spray as it flies
Even as swiftly as you?
Does the trough of the sea seem as green to you
As to me—and the sky as blue?

Does the way seem long when the graybacks roll
Ahead in the tossing gloom?
Does your wild blood leap when the surf-line
breaks
On a reef with a roar and a boom?

When the spindrift flies, and the sea is a mass
Of whispering, rushing foam,
At dusk, when the tired sun goes down,
Do you sometimes think of home?

FORTY MORE SQUARE MILES FOR
THE BIRDS

WINTHROP PACKARD

A REGION of about twenty-six thousand acres of marsh land situated in Vermilion Parish in Louisiana has been given to the National Association of Audubon Societies as a bird sanctuary. This magnificent contribution to the cause of wild life conservation is noteworthy as the region has been until recently a great private hunting ground, the property of the late Paul J. Rainey, world renowned hunter, photographer and explorer. In it the migratory game birds and indeed all other useful forms of wild life will henceforth find sanctuary forever. It is the gift of Mrs. Grace Rogers, sister to the explorer.

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, reports that the territory covers two-thirds of the former Rainey-McIlhenny shooting preserve. It constitutes the very heart of the famous winter gathering place for wild-fowl on the western coast of Louisiana. On either side of it are the famous wild duck reservations of the Louisiana coast, an enormous acreage made safe for wild life through the generous provisions of the Rockefeller Foundation on one hand and the Sage property on the other. This territory will not only be guarded against all hunters but every effort will be made to render the place attractive for wild-fowl which frequent the region in vast numbers all winter long.

Arrangements are being made for the immediate planting of duck food in large quantities "and the ducks once attracted there will never be frightened away by the roar of guns," says Dr. Pearson.

The place will be known as the Paul J. Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary. Mrs. Rogers has given the Association sufficient funds to develop and maintain the territory in perpetuity as a haven for wild bird life.

POOR FELLOW

A TEACHER, trying to impress on her pupils the rightness of kindness to all animals, took them for a walk to bring the lesson home to them.

Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?"

"I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing."

—Boy Life

The Attractive Rose-Breasted Grosbeak

ALVIN M. PETERSON

SOME members of the finch-sparrow tribe of birds have large bills and as a consequence are known as grosbeaks. Examples are the pine, evening, cardinal, blue, and rose-breasted grosbeaks. The rose-breasted grosbeak is no doubt our most common grosbeak and is one of the most beautiful as well. Furthermore, it is a wonderful songster; in fact, it is one of the best of all feathered songsters.

The male is richly dressed in black, white and rose-red. He is black above, has white outer tail feathers, a white patch low down on the back, and two white spots on the wings. The lining of his wings and a shield-shaped patch on the breast are rose-red in color. The bill is white. The female is rather plainly dressed. She is as Neltje Blanchan remarks, "A streaked, brown bird, resembling an overgrown sparrow, with a thick, exaggerated finch bill and a conspicuous white eyebrow."

The rose-breast's song resembles somewhat the song of the scarlet tanager and some of the more pleasant, warble-like notes of the robin. Chapman speaks of it as a "joyous carol." He says: "There is an exquisite purity in the joyous carol of the grosbeak; his song tells of all the gladness of a May morning; I have heard few happier strains of bird-music." Burroughs speaks of its song as "that richly modulated warble." "It is a strong, vivacious strain," he continues, "a bright noontime song, full of health and assurance, indicating fine talents in the performer, but not genius."

The rose-breasted grosbeak is recognized as one of the farmer's best friends because he destroys large numbers of potato beetles and plant lice or aphids. Both of these pests are formidable enemies of our garden and field crops, often laying waste acres of land. The potato beetle, as is well known, destroys potato vines, while aphids or plant lice destroy entire crops of melons, cucumbers, and other crops. In fact, few plants are entirely immune to the attacks of the small but destructive aphids. Even weeds are not immune to their attacks and many persistent ones succumb to the pests. Leaves of the plants attacked curl up, wither, and die. Frequently, the leaves of trees are to be seen

all curled up, a sure sign that aphids are at work among them.

Our bird, however, is not noted for its nest-building ability. The nest is a frail, poorly-built affair made of twigs, weeds and rootlets that is barely capable of holding the eggs and young birds. It is quite similar to the crude nests made by mourning doves, cuckoos, and tanagers. Two years ago, I found a grosbeak's nest that had been built in the top of a small willow. The willow stood in a great marshy thicket and the nest in many ways was in a very safe place. However, it fell entirely to pieces before the young birds were ready to leave it of their own accord, forcing them to live elsewhere for at least a few days before they reached maturity.

The male is known far and wide as a model husband, taking his turn at incubating the eggs and brooding the young birds. In fact, he is oftener to be found at home on the nest than is the female. That was the case with the owners of the nest mentioned in the preceding paragraph. He sometimes sings when on the nest, though in low tones so as not to disclose its whereabouts.

I have found rose-breasted grosbeaks very numerous along the shores of Lake Michigan and in the valleys of the Mississippi and Red River of the North. They usually are to be seen and observed in pieces of woodland. When seen from the front, the bills and rose-colored breasts make identification of the males easy. The bill and white eyebrows are the best field-marks for identifying the females. The white spots on the wings of the males make good field-marks when seen from the back, as the birds fly away from one.

A MAN who had been in this country about two months went to a movie show with a friend. In the news reel were views from the wilds of Maine, one of which was a close-up of a moose. Turning to his friend, the Scotchman said:—

"I dinna ken wha yon beastie is."

His friend explained that it was an American moose. "A moose?" queried the Scotchman, surprisedly. "Awell, I dinna want to meet an American rat then!"



FEMALE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK AT BATH

The Month to Put Up Bird-Boxes

I. R. HEGEL

SEPTEMBER is none too early to think of the long, snowy winter before us and so it is the ideal month to put up the bird-boxes. For during September the birds seek their winter quarters and the landlord who would rent his houses must see that they stand in attractive readiness, lest some hopeful, feathered house-hunters slip by unable to find a home.

Surely there is no keener winter pleasure than watching the activities of some lively



THE EASILY-BUILT WREN-HOUSE

feathered tenants. Indeed they more than repay their good-natured benefactor by furnishing him with innumerable instructive incidents.

Winter shelters must be strong and staunch to weather the storms of the season. Nine times out of ten a bird will select a small hollow in the trunk of a tree, a hole in a post, or a crevice in a wall. But since most gardens are without such natural sites, the artificial shelter is doubly welcomed.

There are many types and styles of bird-boxes and the builder has a wide variety of fancy and simple models to choose from. For the beginner, the easiest house to make is the wren-house, and the wren being one of our winter birds, this model is especially appropriate. It is made in the following manner: Take a short log, about a foot long, and saw it in half. Hollow out the centers of both halves and nail together again. When completed the house has two entrances and is ideally suited to its small occupant. Another type of house, somewhat similar, is made by taking a 12-inch log, cutting it in half and hollowing out both halves so as to form a cylindrical cavity. When finished, one entrance can be plugged up while the other is finished with a perch. Or, both ends can be plugged up and an entrance hole made about three inches from the top.

The entrance hole must, of course, conform with the size of the tenant to whom the house is to be rented. A wren should have an opening about the size of a silver quarter to exclude other species, for very often a wren will be comfortably established only to be driven out by a sparrow.

When the bird-house is done, be sure there are no cracks in which snow, rain and wind can seep. A bird seldom dies from exposure in the open air, but cracks which create chills and pneumonia often cause fatalities. As a finishing touch, paint it, if you must, but avoid white paint, which is attractive to humans, but abhorred by birds. Choose a dark green or brown. The best method is to use no paint at all. Natural wood is always preferable, and if it is covered by a bit of moss or the bark of the tree itself, it will not remain long untenanted.

In placing the box, avoid a spot too near your own home or one in a glaring location. I remember once attempting to attract a bird to a box I had nailed on the top of a clothes pole. This clothes pole had always seemed a rather useless object to me since a rotary dryer had long been instituted near the laundry. I had thought of chopping the pole down, then the idea of putting a bird-house on it came to me and accordingly, one bright, September morning, up it went. A few birds looked it over inquiringly and, bird-fashion, shook their heads. All winter it remained untenanted. By spring I saw that my error lay in the fact that the site was too unnatural. What bird would ever seek a shelter on the top of a barren pole? I sought to remedy this condition and planted a wistaria and Russian mulberry at its base. The wistaria wound its way gracefully about the pole, while the mulberry provided a screening of shrubbery as well as a food supply. Needless to say, my house was rented that very season and the clothes pole has become an object of beauty.

Birds fairly dote on shrubbery and vines because they like the privacy such screening provides. The vines have also another use. When a bird-house is built in a tree, a thorny vine growing in circular fashion about the trunk will keep prowling cats away.

In winter, when blasts of wind tear down the vines, I protect my bird-boxes by fastening a strip of heavy poultry wire beneath each one.

And now, when your winter bird-box is up and you have provided protection and screening, watch it closely. If it isn't rented, don't get discouraged. Birds are strange little creatures and they often avoid a new shelter because of its newness. After it has weathered the rain and snow of the winter, it will present a more weather-worn appearance in the spring and will be quickly occupied by some feathered home-seekers. So, if you haven't winter tenants, you can look forward to spring tenants and tenants every season thereafter.

We ought to be kind to these creatures that are so much less quarrelsome, less greedy, less self-assertive and less violently ambitious than ourselves. We ought to be kind because they deserve kinder treatment than they receive, and we ought to be kind for our own sakes. When we are brutal to animals we brutalize ourselves. Being kind to an animal is an expression of our real civilization and gets us into the habit of being kind to other human beings. Being kind to both animals and men broadens the imaginative understanding of human beings and makes them more fit to live.

—San Francisco Call

THE LONE WOLF

ELAINE L. THOMPSON

A SLIM, gray shadow, in the swaying pines,
Across the wooded ridge he slinks along,
Seeking his prey by snowy, midnight trail.
Joining the winter wind in wild, unfettered song.
Beneath the frosty silence of the stars
He stops, yet poised for flight,
Breathing the spicy odors of the dark,
In deep communion with the pagan night.

THE LINNET'S HOSPITAL

D. C. RETSLOFF

ONE morning, ten years ago, Dr. Emma Reed, a dentist with offices on the eighth floor of a building in the heart of the business district of San Diego, California, heard a fluttering against her office window. She looked out and saw a little brown bird on the sill. Every few minutes it would flutter against the glass, utter a plaintive cry and drop back on the ledge.

Dr. Reed opened the window slowly, put out her hand and picked the bird up. It was a linnet with a mangled foot. The doctor immediately set about the work of amputation. With scissors she clipped away the torn toes, washed the wound, put on a healing lotion, bound up the stub of leg, and the bird flew away.

The next morning he came back hopping on one foot and acting very friendly and chipper.

That day Dr. Reed fastened a feeding-pan on her window ledge, and in a few weeks Mr. Lame Linnet became a regular boarder and a frequent visitor inside the dental rooms whenever he found the window open.

He never acted the least bit afraid; he liked to play on the desk among the pencils and pens, and sometimes he indulged in tearing the letters and bits of paper that he found there. He would sit very still for several minutes at a time, watching the doctor at work, and seemed quite pleased when she would stroke his feathers.

One day, when he came for his breakfast, he brought a friend with a broken leg. Dr. Reed set the leg in splints and dressed it each day until it was well.

Nine times Mr. Lame Linnet brought sick and ailing feathered kindred to Dr. Reed for treatment, and not in any single case did the doctor plead press of business. Every bird received her immediate attention.

The demands upon her hospitality have become so great that Dr. Reed has branched out from one window-sill equipment to three, and every morning in the year from two to three hundred little birds eat in her open-air dining-room.

If she is late in serving their breakfast of bemp and other seed, they scold, peck at the glass and act like impatient harvest-hands waiting for a meal. But as soon as the pans are filled with food, their tones change from complaints into songs of thanks and joy.

Dr. Reed says she knows when a bird is sick; when frightened; when hungry; when they are in love; when they are expecting babies, and when one mourns for a mate. She affirms that they speak as plainly as humans, if one only understands their language.

While the linnets thank Dr. Reed in song and chirps for her kindness, she, in turn, tells of the lessons they have taught her of patience, of trust, of unselfishness and of brotherly love.

Kokomo Dog Adopts Human Baby

C. F. BAKER

THE story of the unusually loyal devotion of a stray dog came to light at Kokomo, Indiana, recently. It is the story of "Jim," a big yellow nondescript, who "adopted" a little girl. He isn't homeless now, but we are getting ahead of the story, which is this:

When little Geraldine Rammel, the golden-haired child in the picture, was less than a year old, her mother took her on a shopping tour, the babe riding in a large perambulator. Stopping at a store to make her final purchase, the woman left the baby asleep in the perambulator in front of the store.

Coming out again, she was greeted by a deep growl when she attempted to approach the carriage. A strange dog, huge and tawny-coated, stood guard and refused to allow any one to come near. He also refused to leave. No one knew to whom the animal belonged, but evidently he proposed to stay where he was.

The mother became alarmed and was about to call a police officer to take away the unwelcome guardian. On a second thought, however, she realized that the big fellow was doing what he thought was right. She set about to convince him that she was a friend and approved his attitude.

She finally succeeded and the dog consented to allow her to come near, but he did not leave. Instead, he walked sedately by the side of the perambulator all the way to the family residence. There was no foolishness from him—no cat chasing or rambling about in yards. He marched like a dignified soldier.

Arriving at the house, the big dog watched with interest while the little girl was taken out of the carriage. He insisted on going into the house. Not wishing to arouse his ire again, the family allowed him to enter.

After hearing the unusual account of the "adoption" of the baby by the strange dog, it was decided to give the animal a home, if he cared to stay. He did care to stay and soon became "one of the family." Not knowing his real name, Jim was chosen for him, and he soon learned to answer to it. He was found to be a well-trained dog, above the average in intelligence, obedient and thoughtful of the welfare of his human associates. The family also discovered that he was not always as sedate and solemn as on the first trip home, but that he liked to romp and play.

But, while he made friends with Mr. Rammel and the two older boys, Jim's "true love" was the little girl. During the summer months he dozed for hours close to her crib in the shady yard, but he slept only lightly and resented in no uncertain manner the approach of a stranger.

When Geraldine learned to toddle, Jim's duties became manifold, but he took the increased responsibilities upon himself, without question. When she could escape the eye of her busy mother, the child wandered all over the neighborhood.

Wherever she went, however, her self-appointed guardian was close at her heels. "Here come Jim and Geraldine," was frequently heard throughout the neighborhood. But the dog's devotion was not limited simply to trailing his charge. Time after time the child would wander toward the busy street, but the moment she started to step on the pavement, Jim would catch the folds of her dress and gently but firmly pull her back into the yard.



GERALDINE RAMMEL AND "JIM," THE STRAY DOG WHICH ADOPTED HER

(When first told of this feat, the writer gave little credence to it, but a personal investigation proved it to be true. In fact, he saw the dog pull the little tot back when she protested strongly.)

Jim's origin is still a mystery to the Rammel family, although it has been four years since he came into their lives and took it upon himself to care for Geraldine, who is now five years old. The dog seems to have a place in his heart for all members of the family, who are very fond of him, but it is to the beck and call of the little girl that he responds most willingly.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

ANOTHER "GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY"

DAVID LEE WHARTON

A CERTAIN city in the southwest, Texas, to be exact, had a celebration recently which it termed its "Diamond Jubilee," the occasion being the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the town. Needless to say, it was a great reunion for the old settlers, the pioneers who in the old days had come in covered wagons from all parts of the country. Many were the stories of hardship, adventure and courage on the part of beasts as well as men; of horses and mules fording icy streams, and continuing nobly on their way with the harness frozen to their bodies; of others going forward in the blazing summer sun until they fell by the way from heat and exhaustion.

But the most touching story was one related by an old gentleman who had made the trip fifty years ago in a "prairie schooner," with his parents and a party of forty men, women and children. It was the custom, after unharnessing the teams for the night, to park the wagons in a circle, thus forming a barricade. In the centre of the circle a fire was built and all gathered around it to cook, eat and sleep, the teams being inside the circle also, but tied to the wagons.

On this particular night, as the party sat around the fire, a shadowy form appeared just outside the firelight's glow. Thinking it a wolf, one of the men raised his gun and was just about to fire when a child cried, "Don't shoot, Papa. It's a dog." The gun was lowered, some one whistled, and there stepped into the light a gaunt and starving, but friendly, dog. He was fed and watered and caressed by the children, but soon he disappeared into the darkness as quietly as he had emerged from it. There being no human habitation within many miles, it was a mystery where the dog made his home. However, his existence was soon forgotten. But the next morning, when breakfast cooking sent out a savory odor, the guest of the previous night came waggingly into the circle. He greeted the party in friendly wise, and ate the food set before him.

It was decided to take him along, but when the time came to start he was not to be seen. "We cannot leave him here to starve," said one of the men, "we must find him. He can't be far away." Possibly a quarter of a mile distant could be seen a stunted locust tree, and toward this they proceeded. And, sure enough, there they found him. Under the tree was a newly made grave, and on it lay the dog. No amount of coaxing or persuasion could induce him to abandon his post. So, after placing by his side a generous supply of food and a large dishpan full of water, although water was a precious article, he was regretfully left to his fate.

His master probably had died out there on the prairie and been buried by his comrades, only his dog remaining to keep guard over his resting-place.

The man who told the story added that several months later, when out searching for cattle which had strayed, he was in the same locality and rode over to the lone locust tree. There on that lonely desert grave, picked by vultures, and bleached by the scorching Texas sun, lay the bones of the devoted dog who had deliberately chosen a terrible death by starvation and thirst rather than leave the precious grave of his friend unguarded.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Fourteen new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these, five were in schools of Tennessee; three in Maryland; and two each in Texas, Canada, and Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 143,627

MORNING PRAYERS

THE morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armor.

—*Young Catholic Messenger*

SAYS John J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education: "I am deeply interested in the cause of humane education. I think it appeals strongly to our American people and am hopeful that proper legislation may be enacted as rapidly as possible in every state in the Union to promote the teaching of humanity in our schools. I confidently believe that all our state commissioners and superintendents will heartily co-operate."



"MUEZZA," GOLDEN AND WHITE PERSIAN
OWNED BY MISS V. A. AMOS,
ROXBURY, MASS.

This cat weighed seventeen pounds when three years old. His peculiarities include the ability to open unlocked doors and an apparent delight in being in a tub of water. He has been a patient at the Angell Memorial Hospital

TODAY

SO here hath been dawning
Another new day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another new day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE

A CAT WHICH MOTHERS CHICKENS

ARTHUR THATCHER

DURING the middle of the winter of 1921-22 there came to my place in Jerseyville, Ill., a large white and yellow cat. I first noted his appearance in the hen-house, eating from the pan of table scraps that had been placed there for the chickens. There were already more cats about our place than we needed, and the appearance of the new addition was not altogether acceptable.

The big cat, however, possessed a most friendly disposition, and my first antipathy quickly disappeared. The spring of 1922 I purchased three hundred chicks from a large commercial hatchery at Peoria. A neighbor of mine suggested that it would be wise for me to get rid of the big cat, as he might possess an appetite for young chickens.

I disregarded the suggestion for the time, but later took it into serious consideration when I ascertained that many of my little chicks were disappearing. I talked with my neighbor about the cat's catching the little chickens, but my suspicions regarding the stray "Tom" were set aside by his statement.

"You must blame the rats, of which there are many about the out-buildings here," he stated. "That cat beats any cat I have ever observed. When you are at the office in the day time, I have noticed him repeatedly lying down in the midst of the flock of little chickens. The young fowls seem to have adopted him for their foster mother, for they sit on top of his body and huddle about him. He really is an excellent body-guard for the little chickens against their arch enemies, the rats."

The next day being Sunday I was at home from the office and watched the antics of the cat and the little chickens, and discovered that my neighbor had spoken truthfully regarding the strange relationship of the cat and the young fowls.

The relation continued, until the birds had reached a large size. Many nights the cat would go into the coop and sleep with the young chickens, his presence insuring the flock from the marauding rats.

The summer of 1923 the cat repeated his fostering tactics of the 1923 flock of chickens the same as he had during the previous spring. This year he has repeated the same relationship with this summer's flock. I have had no losses from rats, as the big cat makes his bed nightly with the young chickens.



A BRIGHT LITTLE BAND OF MERCY GIRL
in Syria, where many of the orphans in charge of the Near East Relief are joining the Band of Mercy under the direction of Mrs. Alma B. Kerr of Beirut

THE KINDNESS OF UNDERSTANDING

A GREAT many people claim affection for the cat. A very few understand it, says Margaret F. Bussing in *The Cat Review*. To one who really loves an animal an article on humane treatment is unnecessary, for real love for anything includes understanding. How can an intelligent woman allow a child to dress a cat in doll's clothes, to force it to walk on its hind legs, or to hug it to suffocation? A little child will do such things with no thought of the torture inflicted on the sensitive animal, and the cat is probably the most sensitive creature on earth. It is the business of grown people to correct children for thoughtless actions in a gentle, kindly way.

Surely any reader of *The Cat Review* knows how more than useless it is to punish a cat. If you are not kind enough to shudder at the thought of inflicting pain on a creature wholly at your mercy, then, for your own sake, please remember that the cat probably knows nothing about what the punishment is for, and that if you strike it, or deliberately hurt it in any way, you are simply ruining it as a pet or for show purposes.

I have recently heard of people, otherwise kind, who forget to have fresh, clean, cool water where the cat can always find it. I wonder how those humans would feel if their supply of drinking-water depended on some one and that one forgot to furnish it?

When you are training a kitten or correcting a cat, speak in a low, firm tone. Please do not shriek at it! Stroke pussy's head gently and do not hold her against her wishes. How would you like to be lifted high in the air and held there by a giant against whom your struggles were in vain? Would not you, perhaps, scratch just a little?

The cat will repay your kindness with affection and sweetness.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP

ROBERT PRICE

JUST an ordinary white cat in looks was "Jingle," but she has gone down in the unrecorded traditions of Uncle Tom's farm as the peer of all cats past or present.

When, as is bound to happen occasionally, the stories turn to remarkable animal exploits, Aunt Jane will tell in her drollest fashion of the day when Jingle walked up to the kitchen steps bearing a full-grown quail. The cat opened her mouth a moment to call attention to her achievement, and Bob White flew up on the woodpile where, in his most forceful vocabulary, he proceeded to berate his recent captor in no uncertain terms.

Then Uncle Tom will have his turn and relate how a big red-shouldered hawk swooped down upon the snowy Jingle prowling about in the short grass over on the hillside yonder. She had suddenly turned over on her back and met the attack with such a tooth and claw defense that the besieger was glad to withdraw minus a generous portion of his princely feathers.

But the tale they love most to recount is of the remarkable friendship between Jingle and "Fido," not the conventional cat and dog existence, but a genuine animal affection from their first meeting and the cause of many interesting incidents.

Aunt Jane noticed, one day, that Fido did not go into his kennel as usual to nap. This seemed strange, and what was her surprise, upon investigating, to discover that Jingle had taken possession of the kennel to house a nestful of kittens. Fido seemed to enjoy the new state of affairs, and as long as the kittens remained in the nest proceeded to sleep on guard at the doorway, while Jingle, apparently understanding his good intentions perfectly, continued about her household duties undisturbed.

The climax came another time when Fido had been naughty. He had forgot all his careful training in the excitement of rounding up some sheep that had got out into the dooryard, and had chased them wildly about the yard despite uncle's calls and commands. The miscreant must be punished and uncle's method of chastisement was effective, though painful to the offender. Jingle, in the barn, heard her friend's yelps and, to our astonishment, came bounding across the yard, fury bristling from every fiber. She made a frantic leap for uncle's face and would surely have scratched him badly had not a forceful stroke knocked her to the ground.

The excitement of the occasion passed over, however, and Jingle and Fido lived to share their curious companionship for several years.

ARE YOU POLITE AND COURTEOUS?

REV. H. C. OFFERMAN

ARE you courteous, day by day, and do you make a constant effort to be so? Even common courtesy and politeness are not found as often as they should be. And yet anyone who is continuously courteous is making himself, thereby, very popular with everyone he meets. For courtesy and politeness are great assets that often have a real, monetary value. It pays to be polite. A business concern, where politeness and courtesy are practised, is one to which customers are naturally drawn. And, more than that, it makes for acquaintance, and, later, possibly, friendship.



BEN, THE SHOEMAKER, AND HIS UNUSUAL PET

Also your exercise of politeness and courtesy at all times will make you a lady, or a gentleman, in the fullest sense of the words, in the eyes of others. If we want to be workers, who leave behind a mark of progress and betterment, we should be polite and courteous at all times to everyone. It takes brains to be clever, but it takes character to be a real lady or gentleman.

LITTLE BROWN BUNNIES

MAUD E. SARGENT

OH! little brown bunnies, come out and play!"
Cried a child at the close of a summer day,
As she wandered over a moorland wide,
Where under the bracken the rabbits hide;
"I've left my terrier—'Spot'—at home,
So along with me you can safely roam!
I've brought you a cabbage, all fresh and green—
A finer one I have never seen!"

"I've got fresh clover and lettuce too,
I think they will be so nice for you—
I know that bunnies don't care to eat
The sweets and cakes that I think a treat!"
Then the merry brown bunnies came out to play
When the twilight shadows were gathering gray,
And they ventured close to the maiden's side,
And cabbage, and clover, and lettuce they tried.

They frolicked about in the falling dew,
And the little girl watched the funny crew,
But foot-steps were heard, as they leaped and played,
And the pretty bunnies were much afraid,
With a flash of tails, soft, fluffy, and white,
In an instant they all had taken flight!
And the child just whispered, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"
As she went towards her home, 'neath the sunset sky.

HOW WE TREAT OUR ARMY HORSES

CAPTAIN G. A. MOORE, Cavalry, U. S. A., Editor,
The Cavalry Journal, Washington, D. C.

FEW people know that Army horses—and mules, of course—are the best cared for of their kind. The Army now has its own breeding stations where the horse is in a fair way to be born right.

The very great majority of Army horses, of course, are bought by the government. They almost at once upon entering the service find their permanent home. A horse is assigned to a soldier and every effort is made to make that association permanent. Only soldiers know how lasting and dear these relations become between soldier and horse. The soldier comes to his horse the first thing in the morning, waters him, feeds him, and then gets his own breakfast.

The morning drill furnishes the horse with the exercise necessary to his good health, usually about two hours in length, always under control. Abuse is unknown. Heavy punishment would follow any infraction of the regulations in regard to this.

After the morning drill the soldier grooms his horse thoroughly, *always* under supervision of an officer, and that job is not done till all dirt is removed, coat well brushed and shining, feet cleaned, eyes and nose and dock attended to, mane and tail brushed. Then the Army horse has a drink, personally given to him by his master. He can then lie down and roll. Soon he gets his lunch, after which his master takes his noon meal. Usually in the afternoon the Army horse rests while his master works.

About four o'clock the soldier comes down to the corral and ties up his horse preparatory to feeding him again. After this the soldier gets his supper. The horse then is ordinarily left to himself, with plenty of hay, for the night. And he gets a ration of twelve pounds of oats or its equivalent and fourteen pounds of hay per day.

The soldier loves his horse. The horse is his first care and duty. The horse always comes first.

During his whole service the Army horse has first-class veterinary attention. He is inspected every day by several non-commissioned officers and at least one commissioned officer. His food, too, is inspected, as well as his living quarters.

My own personal horse and I have an acquaintance dating back seven years, five of which I have owned "Koon." We get along better every day. We have served together on the east coast, on the west coast, on the Mexican border and in Hawaii. Koon will likely never have another owner.

There is no better cared-for horse in the world than an American Army horse.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

"ALL LIFE IS ONE," Geraldine E. Lyster.

This booklet of 32 pages, the sub-title of which is "A Plea for Our Animal Friends," comes to us from across the sea, where Miss Lyster's name often appears as a contributor in *The Animals' Friend* and other humanitarian publications. There are fourteen poems, including "The Flag of Maine," besides a Christmas "Carol," which is set to music by Arthur H. Brown. The frontispiece shows "Larry," a dog, to whom the book is dedicated. Similar booklets of verse by Miss Lyster are "Give Them Your Love" and "For These, the Humble Beasts," any of which may be obtained from the author, York House, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, upon receipt of 25 cents.

FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS

JESSE TAYLOR, England

WE have been instructed respecting dumb animals and not only so, but these animals have been protected and cared for through the kindness of those who have given themselves to this work. We are very much indebted to the men who go through life finding out facts for us. The men of science by their wonderful discoveries have benefitted not only their own nation, but also the whole world. By perseverance and some risk they have added to human knowledge. The world has been girdled to make known the facts of animal existence. Among those who have added to the stores of knowledge we may place our naturalists who have told us what they have seen, in a most fascinating way.

I have heard some very valuable and interesting lectures given by travelers and naturalists. Some years ago it was my privilege to hear a lecture given by Mr. Selous, the famous explorer. He told us wondrous stories of what he has seen and heard. He had been about the world a good deal and had observed animated nature with keen eyes. He could imitate the cries of different animals very cleverly and he told us the meaning of the cries.

He said that most animals had three special cries,—one the cry of warning to warn other animals of enemies and danger, which put them on the alert. Then he mentioned the love call, which was used when birds were nesting and animals were mating. There was also the food call to inform others where food was to be found. He gave some instances of these calls in a very clever way.

He had also observed butterflies that were often very difficult to distinguish, because they were so much like the leaves and flowers whereon they rested. He said also that some snakes were difficult to see, because they were so like their surroundings. It was only as they moved that they were seen. I remember once in the New Forest seeing a viper in this way. I should not have noticed it if I had not nearly trodden upon it, and caused it to move.

Mr. Selous spoke of the rabbit as an animal that warned its kind by cocking up its tail, and showing the white danger signal to warn others to seek for safety. He told us of a young rabbit that he watched one day. He described how the mother rabbit on leaving its young one gave special instructions to it not to move until she came back because it was dangerous. Then she went away. Presently the young rabbit heard a queer rustling noise and wondered what it was. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come. Whatever could it be? The young rabbit became afraid, and peeped out to see what was amiss. It saw a great snake coming along among the dried leaves, so called aloud, "Mother, mother!" Then the mother rabbit rushed back and drove the snake away.

Another time the lecturer was riding along when he saw there were several large stones in the distance. He saw there was a deer among them which, when it saw him, bounded away. Soon after he saw something moving among the stones, so he thought it must be a young deer. He could not see very clearly because it was a good way off. He rode forward to satisfy his curiosity. He thought the young deer had been warned to keep still. He did not want to frighten the young deer,

so he rode about but did not go very near at the first. Then he kept riding round it in a circle, getting nearer every time. With the aid of a field-glass he could see more distinctly. He got nearer and nearer, and noticed how still it was. He got so near that he saw a large fly settle on its ear, and though it must have tickled very much, the deer made not the slightest movement. Mr. Selous said he was struck with the absolute obedience of the young deer to its mother's warning.

He said, incidentally, that it was a lesson to young people, and to older people as well, because obedience is one of the greatest lessons of life. I see another lesson and that is the wonderful Providence of God that is round about not only people, but also all created life. The natural Divine provision should fill us all with wonder, love, and praise.

PROTECTING THE BEAVER

J. E. GARGAN

THE beaver, because its fur is so valuable, is being exterminated. It is a useful animal for the dams it makes hold back the rich soil, especially in mountainous and hilly regions, and prevent it from washing away into the valleys when the floods come. It is claimed that it is a preserver of water supplies in the mountains through the building of these dams.

Oregon is the only state that has an open season on beavers, and it is being realized there that, if it is not abolished, the state will be without beavers. Seventy-five per cent of the animals have been exterminated—there are ten traps for every beaver in the state. The beaver is an unsuspecting animal, easily trapped.

Beaver dams in the eastern ranges of Oregon stored great quantities of water that trickled down into the grazing country in the long dry summers and kept them fit for the use of cattle. Different organizations of Oregon have asked that the open season be abolished, and the Governor of the state has promised to use his influence in that direction.

*THERE is another world
 For all that live and move—a better one!
 Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
 Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
 Of their own charity, may envy thee!*

SOUTHEY

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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